

## Local Items

About Our Town And Its People

Tison Hale was in Greenville on business Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Conant left for Sheffield, Friday to visit his parents. Bessie Streeter returned to her home, Friday to visit her parents.

Minnie Sargu spent week end with her husband in Battle Creek, Mich. Bessie Handson left Saturday for Battle Creek, where she will spend the week.

Miss Hazel Sturgis went to Grand Rapids, Saturday to spend her vacation with her sister, Mrs. Nell Breuner. Emma Solomon left for Pierson Saturday to visit relatives and friends.

Mrs. Marie Ferguson spent the week end in Grand Rapids visiting Mrs. Bell Hillard.

Mrs. Leo Francisco and daughter, Frances were in Grand Rapids over Sunday visiting relatives and friends. Sadie Palmer is spending her vacation with her parents in Newaygo.

Pearl Layton, who has been stationed at Camp Eustis, Lee Hall, Va., arrived home on Thursday evening, having been mustered out of the service at Camp Custer the day before. Pearl, like all other returning men, is glad to get back to Belding again.

Myron H. Link, who is stationed with the army forces at Americas, Ga. was in the city for an over holiday visit with his family. He came to attend the funeral of his step-father, John Pullman, of Muskegon, who was killed when he was caught in the fly-wheel of his engine two weeks ago. Myron is looking to be discharged from the service in the near future.

Jesse Slocum, who together with his wife, has been up at Sand Lake caring for the latter's parents, who have been sick with flu, drove down Friday to take care of some matters here. Jesse reports the roads between here and Sand Lake as something fierce.

Lt. John Donovan, who was with the 95th division, U. S. A., at Camp Sherman, Ohio, arrived home Thursday, having been mustered out of the service and is spending the holidays at the home of his father, John S. Donovan, Sr. Lt. Donovan is looking as if army life agreed with him.

Mrs. Clara Scott went to McMullen to visit with her sons, Lester and Bert for a few weeks and to spend the Christmas vacation with the boys.

Mrs. F. W. Tarleton from Emmett, Idaho, is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. M. Hastings and sisters, Mrs. J. C. Shores and Mrs. Katherine Godfrey. She will remain here over the winter.

Almon Fuller, a 16-year-old youth said to hail from Belding, has been serving a sentence for defrauding his boarding house keeper. While in the jail here he made matters much worse by trying to make an escape, and in so doing he tore up the wall, damaged the pipes, the window screening and the plaster, and is now due to serve an extension of his sentence of about 15 days more.—Ionis Standard

Mrs. Ed. Driese and children and Mrs. French were Greenville callers Thursday.

Miss Martha Antonson left for Tru-fant Thursday on her Christmas vacation.

May Arnold left for Alma Thursday.

Mrs. Bannister was in Greenville Thursday.

Misses Corn and Elsie Belets left for St. Louis Thursday on their vacation.

Mrs. D. Moon left for Alma Thursday to visit her daughter.

Mrs. Geo. Welte of Ludington has been the guest at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Harry Dimmick. She returned home Thursday morning.

Mrs. Nettie O'Morrow of Chicago returned home Thursday morning after an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. John Sherman.

Mrs. Fred Locke was in Grand Rapids Thursday on business.

Beautiful, glossy, healthy hair for those who use Parian Sage. Get a bottle of this delightful hair invigorator from Wortley & French on guarantee of satisfaction, or money back.—Advertisement.

"H. C. H., "Liberty" and "Black Seal" cigars will please you. Try them.—Adv.

## DON'T THROW OLD SHOES



AT THE BRIDE AND GROOM FOR LUCK

THEY'RE TOO VALUABLE

With our equipment we can restore them to renewed life & usefulness. ECONOMY IS WEALTH! and suggests the bringing of old shoes here for repairs. DO IT TODAY!

Electric Shoe Shop  
Arnold Schmidt, Prop.

# THE LIGHT IN THE CLEARING

## A TALE OF THE NORTH COUNTRY IN THE TIME OF SILAS WRIGHT

### By IRVING BACHELLER

AUTHOR OF  
EDEN HOLDEN, DRI AND DARREL OF THE BLESSED ISLES,  
KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE, ETC., ETC.

## PREFACE

The Light in the Clearing shone upon many things and mostly upon those which, above all others, have impressed and perpetuated the spirit of America and which, just now, seem to me to be worthy of attention. I believe that spirit to be the very cadence of the Lord which, in this dark and windy night of time, has flickered so that the souls of the faithful have been afraid. But let us be of good cheer. It is shining brighter as I write and, under God, I believe it shall, by and by, be seen and loved of all men.

One self-contained, Homeric figure, of the remote country-side in which I was born, had the true spirit of Democracy and shed its light abroad in the senate of the United States and the capitol at Albany. He carried the Candle of the Lord. It led him to a height of self-forgetfulness achieved by only two others—Washington and Lincoln. Yet I have been surprised by the profound and general ignorance of this generation regarding the career of Silas Wright.

The distinguished senator who served at his side for many years, Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, has this to say of Silas Wright in his Thirty Years' View: "He refused cabinet appointments under his fast friend Van Buren and under Polk, whom he may be said to have elected. He refused a seat on the bench of the Supreme court of the United States; he rejected instantly the nomination in 1844 for vice president; he refused to be put in nomination for the presidency. He spent that time in declining office which others did in winning it. The offices he did accept, it might well be said, were thrust upon him. He was born great and above office and unwillingly descended to it."

So much by way of preparing the reader to meet the great commoner in these pages.

There were those who accused Mr. Wright of being a egotist, the only warrant for which claim would seem to be his remark in a letter: "When our enemies accuse us of feeding our friends instead of them never let them lie in telling the story."

He was, in fact, a human being, through and through, but so upright that they used to say of him that he was "as honest as any man ever was or is."

For my knowledge of the color and spirit of the time I am indebted to a long course of reading in its books, newspapers and periodicals, notably the North American Review, the United States Magazine and Democratic Review, the New York Mirror, the Knickerbocker, the St. Lawrence Republican, Benton's Thirty Years' View, Bancroft's Life of Martin Van Buren, histories of Wright and his time by Hammond and Jenkins, and to many manuscript letters of the distinguished commoner in the New York public library and in the possession of Mr. Samuel Wright of Weybridge, Vermont.

To any who may think that they discover portraits in these pages I desire to say that all the characters—save only Silas Wright and President Van Buren and Barton Baynes—are purely imaginary. However, there were Grimshaws and Purveyses and Binkses and Aunt Deeds and Uncle Peabody in almost every rustic neighborhood those days, and I regret to add that Roving Kate was on many roads. The case of Amos Grimshaw bears a striking resemblance to that of young Rickford, executed long ago in Malaga, for the particulars of which case I am indebted to my friend, Mr. H. L. Ives of Friesland.

## THE AUTHOR.

## BOOK ONE

Which Is the Story of the Candle and the Compass.

## CHAPTER I.

## The Melon Harvest.

Once upon a time I owned a watermelon. I say once because I never did it again. When I got through owning that melon I never wanted another. The time was 1831; I was a boy of seven and the melon was the first of all my harvests.

I didn't know much about myself those days except the fact that my name was Bart Baynes and, further, that I was an orphan who owned a watermelon and a little spotted hen and lived on Rattleroad in a neighborhood called Lickitysplit. I lived with my Aunt Deel and my Uncle Peabody Baynes on a farm. They were brother and sister—he about thirty-eight and she a little beyond the far-distant goal of forty.

My father and mother died in a scourge of diphtheria that swept the neighborhood when I was a boy of five.

A few days after I arrived in the home of my aunt and uncle I stily entered the parlor and climbed the what-not to examine some white flowers on its top shelf and tipped the whole thing over, scattering its burden of albums, wax flowers and seashells on the floor. My aunt came running on her tiptoes and exclaimed: "Mercy! Come right out o' here this minute—you pest!"

I took some rather long steps going out, which were due to the fact that Aunt Deel had hold of my hand. While I sat weeping she went back into the parlor and began to pick up things.

"My wreath! my wreath!" I heard her moaning.

How well I remember that little assemblage of flower ghosts in wax! They had no more right to associate with human beings than the ghosts of fables. Uncle Peabody used to call them the "Minervy flowers" because they were a present from his Aunt

Minerva. When Aunt Deel returned to the kitchen where I sat—a sorrowful little refugee hunched up in a corner—she said: "I'll have to tell your Uncle Peabody—ayes!"

"Oh please don't tell my Uncle Peabody," I wailed.

"Ayes! I'll have to tell him," she answered firmly.

For the first time I looked for him with dread at the window and when he came I hid in a closet and heard that solemn and penetrating note in her voice as she said:

"I guess you'll have to take that boy away—ayes!"

"What now?" he asked.

"My stars! he sneaked into the parlor and tipped over the what-not and smashed that beautiful wax wreath!"

"Jerusalem four-corners!" he exclaimed. "I'll have to—"

He stopped as he was wont to do on the threshold of strong opinions and momentous resolutions.

The rest of the conversation was drowned in my own cries and Uncle Peabody came and lifted me tenderly and carried me upstairs.

He sat down with me on his lap and hushed my cries. Then he said very gently:

"Now, Bub, you and me have got to be careful. What-nots and albums and wax flowers and haircloth sofs are the most dangerous critters in St. Lawrence county. They're purty savage. Keep your eye peeled. You can't tell what minute they'll jump on ye.

More boys have been dragged away and tore to pieces by 'em than by all the bears and panthers in the woods. Keep out o' that old parlor. Ye might as well go into a cage o' wolves. How be I goin' to make ye remember it?"

"I don't know," I whimpered and began to cry out in fearful anticipation.

He set me in a chair, picked up one of his old carpet-slippers and began to thump the bed with it. He belabored

head a kind of watermelon thump with the middle finger of her right hand and with a curious look in her eyes. Uncle Peabody used to call it a "snapping look." Almost always he whacked the bed with his slipper. There were exceptions, however, and, by and by, I came to know in each case the destination of the slipper; for I had done anything which really afflicted my conscience that strip of leather seemed to know the truth, and found its way to my person.

Aunt Deel toiled incessantly. She washed and scrubbed and polished and dusted and sewed and knit from morning until night. She lived in mortal fear that company would come and find her unprepared—Alma Jones or Jabez Lincoln and his wife, or Ben and Mary Humphries, or "Mr. and Mrs. Horace Dunkelberg." These were the people of whom she talked when the neighbors came in and when she was not talking of the Bayneses. I observed that she always said "Mr. and Mrs. Horace Dunkelberg." They were the conversational ornaments of our home.

"As Mrs. Horace Dunkelberg says," or, "as I said to Mr. Horace Dunkelberg," were phrases calculated to establish our social standing. I supposed that the world was peopled by Joneses, Lincolns, Humphries and Dunkelbergs, but mostly by Dunkelbergs. These latter were very rich people who lived in Canton village.

I know, now, how dearly Aunt Deel loved her brother and me. I must have been a great trial to that woman of forty unused to the pranks of children and the tender offices of a mother. Naturally I turned from her to my Uncle Peabody as a refuge and a help in time of trouble, with increasing fondness. He had no knitting or sewing to do and when Uncle Peabody sat in the house he gave all his time to me and we weathered many a storm together as we sat silently in his favorite corner, of an evening, when I always went to sleep in his arms.

I was seven years old when Uncle Peabody gave me the watermelon seeds. I put one of them in my mouth and bit it.

"It appears to me there's an awful draft blowin' down your throat," said Uncle Peabody. "You ain't no business eatin' a melon seed."

"Why?" was my query.

"'Cause it was made to put in the ground. Didn't you know it was alive?"

"Alive!" I exclaimed.

"Alive," said he. "I'll show ye."

He put a number of the seeds in the ground and covered them, and said that part of the garden should be mine. I watched it every day and by and by two vines came up. One sickened and died in dry weather. Uncle Peabody said that I must water the other every day. I did it faithfully and the vine thrived.

It was hard work. I thought to go

down into the garden, night and morning, with my little pail full of water, but uncle said that I should get my pay when the melon was ripe. I had also to keep the wood-box full and feed the chickens. They were odious tasks. When I asked Aunt Deel what I should get for doing them she answered quickly:

"Nospanks and bread and butter—ayes!"

When I asked what were "nospanks" she told me that they were part of the wages of a good child. I was better paid for my care of the watermelon vine, for its growth was measured with a string every day and kept me interested. One morning I found five blossoms on it. I picked one and carried it to Aunt Deel. Another I destroyed in the tragedy of catching a bumblebee which had crawled into its cup. In due time three small melons appeared. When they were as big as a baseball I picked two of them. One I tasted and threw away as I ran to the pump for relief. The other I hurried at a dog on my way to school.

So that last melon on the vine had my undivided affection. It grew in size and reputation, and soon I learned that a reputation is about the worst thing that a watermelon can acquire while it is on the vine. I invited everybody that came to the house to go and see my watermelon. They looked it over and said pleasant things about it. When I was a boy people used to treat children and watermelons with a like solicitude. Both were a subject for jests and produced similar reactions in the human countenance.

At last Uncle Peabody agreed with me that it was about time to pick the melon. I decided to pick it immediately after meeting on Sunday, so that I could give it to my aunt and uncle at dinner-time. When we got home I ran for the garden. My feet and those of our friends and neighbors had literally worn a path to the melon. In eager haste I got my little wheelbarrow and ran with it to the end of that path. There I found nothing but broken vines! The melon had vanished. I ran back to the house almost overcome by a feeling of alarm, for I had thought long of that hour of pride when I should bring the melon and present it to my aunt and uncle.

"Uncle Peabody," I shouted, "my melon is gone!"

"Well, I van!" said he, "somebody must 'a' stole it."

"But it was my melon," I said with a trembling voice.

"Yes, and I vum it's too bad! But, Bart, you ain't learned yit that there are wicked people in the world who come and take what don't belong to 'em."

(Continued on page four)

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CASH PAYMENT APPLICATION  
E. P. Gage Company,  
161 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.  
Enclosed herewith find \$..... in full payment for ..... shares of the BOSTON-KENTUCKY OIL COMPANY at 15 cents per share. I am also to receive an option on the same number of shares at the same price.

Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... State .....

HOW TO BUY  
SHARES  
\$ 7.50 buys 50 shares  
15.00 buys 100 shares  
30.00 buys 200 shares  
45.00 buys 300 shares  
60.00 buys 400 shares  
75.00 buys 500 shares  
150.00 buys 1000 shares

PARTIAL PAYMENT PLAN  
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References: Dun or Bradstreets, Hanover Trust Company, Tremont Trust Company, International Trust Co. Registrar and Transfer Agent: Hanover Trust Company.

## FOOD ADMINISTRATOR PRESCOTT SAYS TODAY

The chief limiting factors in handling the huge quantities of food required for exports are transportation, terminal and shipping facilities, and in the case of live animals, slaughtering and packing equipment for taking care of large market runs as fast as received. It is important for farmers to clearly understand that with large production there must be rational marketing if stabilized prices are to be maintained and waste avoided.

The part which conservation must

play in the food program is likewise obvious. To provide by July 1, 1919, the 20 million tons of food for overseas shipment, a steady conservation in American homes is essential. This quantity of food is 75 per cent more than we shipped last year and must come from a harvest scarcely as large. In general there is a world market for all staple foods with an increasing demand for animal products.

Farmers of long vision will recognize that erratic prices, market gluts, and local increase in reserves, must be of temporary character, and that conservation which enables the United States to fulfill its food pledges, means continued foreign trade in American farm products.

## BRING IT BACK

if it came from this store, and for any reason, you prefer something else, we will gladly exchange it.

## This Should be the Merriest of Merry Christmasses

Our boys over there are safe and sound. They are being cared for and looked after as no soldiers ever were before.

We, over here, have everything that we could ask for to make this a happy Christmas—prosperous days behind us and still more prosperous ones ahead of us.

Its a great era we're privileged to live in.

We of the Fristoe and Divine store wish to thank you at this holiday time for the privilege of serving so many of you during the past year and to express the hope that still more of you will pass over our threshold the coming twelve months.

To serve in the fullest sense of the word is our constant aim.

FRISTOE & DIVINE

# YOUR LAST CHANCE

NOW  
15c  
CENTS  
PER SHARE

TO BUY  
BOSTON-KENTUCKY  
CENTS  
PER SHARE

WARNING: With our next advertisement BOSTON-KENTUCKY will advance to TWENTY CENTS PER SHARE.

## FORTUNES IN OIL ARE BEING MADE IN KENTUCKY

THERE ARE thousands of people who have won their way to fortune and life-long independence through a good investment in oil. Right now, the Government is urging the development of every acre of Oil Land in this country. Prices for oil were never higher, oil is here. Billions and Billions of gallons, and the BOSTON-KENTUCKY OIL COMPANY is going to do its share in supplying this great demand. Your opportunity to "Get Ahead" and share in the profits of this Company is here. For quick fortunes, staggering profits and overwhelming wealth-creating possibilities, nothing like the Oil business has ever been known. Fortunes are frequently realized in the twinkling of an eye—millions made over night, and everyone from the wage-earner to the millionaire has an equal opportunity to participate according to the amount he can afford to invest.

THE BOSTON-KENTUCKY OIL COMPANY tells you how to invest to get the most from oil. It does not matter how small your means, how little surplus you may have available for investment purposes—the opportunity for you to secure an interest in the oil business is just as great in proportion as though you had a million dollars to invest. The judgment and advice of the directors of this Company is to buy as many shares as you can of the BOSTON-KENTUCKY OIL COMPANY. That's friendly advice and should give you and your family a start on the "Road to Prosperity." Recent reports show the possibilities for you in the BOSTON-KENTUCKY OIL COMPANY; for instance, the Gipsy Pool recently produced more than 1,000,000 barrels of oil and made over \$1,000,000 in 60 days; and the McMann Oil Company, since 1907 has made \$500,000 in profits; sixty-five dollars invested in the Kern Oil Company has paid over \$18,000 in dividends, and the Quaker City Oil Company paid a cash dividend of \$2,800 on each \$50 share of stock and the Houston Oil Company paid a stock dividend of 600 per cent. The investors in these Companies, some of whom have never seen the oil wells, started as you will start, perhaps with a modest investment, increasing it as your earnings double and treble.

THE PROPERTY. THE BOSTON-KENTUCKY OIL COMPANY is incorporated under the laws of the State of Delaware, Capital Stock \$250,000, full-paid and non-assessable. No preferred stock and no bonds. All shares will participate equally in each and every dividend. The properties of the BOSTON-KENTUCKY OIL COMPANY comprise 1,350 acres adjacent to the well-known Ragland Oil Field in Rowan county, Kentucky, and 960 acres in Clay county. The BOSTON-KENTUCKY OIL COMPANY owns all its land in fee and has no Leases, no Royalties and no Rentals to pay. Every indication points to the success of the BOSTON-KENTUCKY OIL COMPANY as in close proximity are the greatest oil wells of many dividend-paying companies.

THE PROSPECT. Every day the press of this country mentions the importance of producing more oil; 168,656,838 gallons of oil were shipped out of Kentucky in 1917, a remarkable increase over the previous year, and 1918 will be the biggest year in the history of Kentucky Oils, and 1919 should surpass all previous years. The BOSTON-KENTUCKY OIL COMPANY should be an important factor in adding materially to the constantly growing production. People everywhere are wildly enthusiastic over these new fields and in the course of a few months the good news will be spread to the investors who have chosen wisely and well.

AN UNUSUAL profit-taking opportunity. Without cost or obligation, the BOSTON-KENTUCKY OIL COMPANY will give each and every purchaser of BOSTON-KENTUCKY shares, an option on an equal number of shares at the price paid at the time of original purchase. This option may be taken up at any time within six months from December 1, 1918, regardless of the ruling price at which the shares may then be selling for.

MAKE THE MOST of this wonderful opportunity—NOW—invest in oil—place yourself in the position where a little of your surplus money may bring you bigger results than you ever dreamed of. BOSTON-KENTUCKY is a conservative Company, managed by men who know how to produce oil. The acreage is unusually large and the capitalization unusually small. Buy your shares now at the present low price of 15c per share before drilling begins. The price will go up as the drill goes down. Make money by buying before the advance in price. This offering will not wait—act now—obey that impulse—fill out the attached application blank on either the cash or partial payment plan and mail it today.

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City ..... State .....

MAKE ALL CHECKS, DRAFTS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO  
**E. P. GAGE COMPANY**  
INVESTMENT BANKERS  
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